

Fellowes as I do, crawling betwene Heauen and Earth. We are arrant Knaues all, belecue none of vs. Goe thy wayes to a Nunnery. Where's your Father?

*Ophe.* At home, my Lord.

*Ham.* Let the doores be shut vpon him, that he may play the Foole no way, but in's owne house. Farewell.

*Ophe.* O helpe him, you sweet Heauens.

*Ham.* If thou dost Marry, Ile giue thee this Plague for thy Dowrie. Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not escape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Go, Farewell. Or if thou wilt needs Marry, marry a fool: for Wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a Nunnery go, and quickly too. Farewell.

*Ophe.* O heauenly Powers, restore him.

*Ham.* I haue heard of your pratings too wel enough. God has giuen you one pace, and you make your selfe another: you gidge, you amble, and you lisse, and nickname Gods creatures, and make your Wantonnesse, your Ignorance. Go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will haue no more Marriages. Those that are married already, all but one shall liue, the rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. *Exit Hamlet.*

*Ophe.* O what a Noble minde is here o're-thrown? The Courtiers, Soldiers, Schollers: Eye, tongue, sword, Th'expeſtatie and Rose of the faire State, The glasse of Fashion, and the mould of Forme, Th'obseru'd of all Obseruers, quite, quite downe. Haue I of Ladies most delect and wretched, That suck'd the Honie of his Musicke Vowes: Now see that Noble, and most Soueraigne Reason, Like sweet Bels iangled out of tune, and harsh, That vnmatch'd Forme and Feature of blowne youth, Blasted with extasie. Oh woe is me, T'haue scene what I haue scene: see what I see.

*Enter King, and Polonius.*

*King.* Loue? His affections do not that way tend, Nor what he spake, though it lack'd Forme a little, Was not like Madnesse. There's something in his soule? O're which his Melancholly sits on brood, And I do doubt the hatch, and the disclosure Will be some danger, which to prevent I haue in quicke determination

Thus set it downe. He shall with speed to England For the demand of our neglected Tribute: Haply the Seas and Countreies different With variable Obiects, shall expell This something seild matter in his heart:

Whereon his Braines still beating, puts him thus From fashion of himselfe. What thinke you on't?

*Pol.* It shall do well. But yet do I beleue The Origin, and Commencement of this greefe Sprung from neglected loue. How now *Ophe*lia? You need not tell vs, what Lord *Hamlet* saide, We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please, But if you hold it fit after the Play, Let his Queene Mother all alone intreat him To shew his Greefes: let her be round with him, And he be plac'd so, please you in the care Of all their Conference. If she finde him not, To England send him: Or confine him where Your wisdome best shall thinke.

*King.* It shall be so: Madnesse in great Ones, must not vnwatch'd go.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hamlet, and two or three of the Players.*

*Ham.* Speake the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had spoke my Lines: Nor do not saw the Ayre too much your hand thus, but vse all gently; for in the verie Torrent, Tempest, and (as I may say) the Whirle-winde of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothnesse. O it offends mee to the Soule, to see a robusious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Passion on to tatters, to verie ragges, to split the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the most part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe shewes, & noise: I could haue such a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod*. Pray you auoid it.

*Player.* I warrant your Honor.

*Ham.* Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Discretion be your Tutor. Sure the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this speciall obseruance: That you ore-stop not the modestie of Nature; for any thing so ouer-done, is fro the purpose of Playing, whole end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the Mirrour vp to Nature; to shew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and presture. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskillfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The censure of the which One, must in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue scene Play, and heard others praise, and that highly (not to speake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, or Norman, haue so strutted and bellowed, that I haue thought some of Natures Ioueney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity to abominably.

*Play.* I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

*Ham.* O reforme it altogether. And let those that play your Clownes, speake no more then is set downe for them. For there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantitie of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, some necessary Question of the Play be then to be considered: that's Villanous, & shewes a most pittifull Ambition in the Poole that vses it. Go make you readie. *Exit Players.*

*Enter Polonius, Rosincrance, and Guildenstern.*

How now my Lord, Will the King heare this peece of Worke?

*Pol.* And the Queene too, and that presently.

*Ham.* Bid the Players make hast. *Exit Polonius.*

Will you two helpe to hasten them?

*Both.* We will my Lord. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Horatio.*

*Ham.* What hoa, *Horatio*?

*Hor.* Heere sweet Lord, at your Seruice.

*Ham.* *Horatio*, thou art eene as iust a man As ere my Conuersation coap'd withall.

*Hor.* O my deere Lord.

*Ham.* Nay, do not thinke I flatter: For what aduancement may I hope from thee, That no Reuennue hast, but thy good spirits

To

To feed & cloath thee. Why shold the poor be flatter'd?

No, let the Candied tongue, like absurd pompe, And crooke the pregnant Hindges of the knee, Where thrift may follow faining? Dost thou heare, Since my deere Soule was Mistris of my choyle, And could of men distinguish, her election Hath seal'd thee for her selfe. For thou hast bene

As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing. A man that Fortunes buffers, and Rewards Hath tane with equall Thankes. And blest are those, Whose Blood and Iudgement are so well mingled, That they are not a Pipe for Fortunes finger, To sound what stop she please. Giue me that man, That is not Passions Slaue, and I will weare him In my hearts Core: I in my Heart of heart, As I do thee. Something too much of this. There is a Play to night before the King, One Scene of it comes neere the Circumstance Which I haue told thee, of my Fathers death.

I prythee, when thou see'st that Acte a-foot, Euen with the verie Comment of my Soule Obserue mine Vnkle: If his occulied guilt, Do not it selfe vnkennell in one speech, It is a damned Ghost that we haue scene: And my Imaginations are as foule As Vulcans Stythe. Giue him needfull note, For I mine eyes will riuert to his Face: And after we will both our iudgements ioine, To censure of his seeming.

*Hor.* Well my Lord. If he steale ought the while this Play is Playing, And scape detecting, I will pay the Theft.

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosincrance, Guildenstern, and other Lords attendant with his Guard carrying Torches. Danish March. Sound a Flourish.*

*Ham.* They are comming to the Play: I must be idle. Get you a place.

*King.* How fares our Cousin *Hamlet*?

*Ham.* Excellent I faith, of the Camelions dish: I eate the Ayre promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

*King.* I haue nothing with this answer *Hamlet*, these words are not mine.

*Ham.* No, nor mine. Now my Lord, you plaid once ith' Vniuersity, you say?

*Polon.* That I did my Lord, and was accounted a good Actor.

*Ham.* And what did you enact?

*Pol.* I did enact *Iulius Cesar*, I was kill'd ith' Capitol: Brutus kill'd me.

*Ham.* It was a brute part of him, to kill so Capitall a Calfe there. Be the Players ready?

*Rosin.* I my Lord, they stay vpon your patience.

*Qu.* Come hither my good *Hamlet*, sit by me.

*Ha.* No good Mother, here's Mettle more attractiue.

*Pol.* Oh ho, do you marke that?

*Ham.* Ladie, shall I lye in your Lap?

*Ophe.* No my Lord.

*Ham.* I meane, my Head vpon your Lap?

*Ophe.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Do you thinke I meant Country matters?

*Ophe.* I thinke nothing, my Lord.

*Ham.* That's a faire thought to ly between Maids legs

*Ophe.* What is my Lord?

*Ham.* Nothing.

*Ophe.* You are merri?

*Ham.* Who I?

*Ophe.* I my Lord.

*Ham.* Oh God, you

a man do, but be merri

ly my Mother lookes,

Hours.

*Ophe.* Nay, 'tis twi

*Ham.* So long? Nay

for Ile haue a suite of S

neths ago, and not forg

great mans Memorie, n

But byrlady he must bu

he suffer not thinking o

Epitaph is, For o, For o

*Hoboyes play.*

*Enter a King and Queene*

*cing him. She kneeles*

*him. He takes her up*

*Layes him downe vpon*

*a sleepe, leaues him.*

*Crowne, kisses it, and p*

*Exits. The Queene r*

*makes passionate A*

*three Mutes comes n*

*The dead body is carri*

*Queene with Gifts, sh*

*but in the end, accepts*

*Ophe.* What mean

*Ham.* Marry this is

Mischiefe.

*Ophe.* Belike this sh

Play?

*Ham.* We shall kno

cannot keepe counsell,

*Ophe.* Will they tell

*Ham.* I, or any she

you asham'd to shew, h

meanes.

*Ophe.* You are naug

Play.

*En*

*For vs, and f*

*Heere stoopin*

*We begge you*

*Ham:* Is this a Prol

*Ophe:* 'Tis briefe my

*Ham:* As Womans

*Enter Kin*

*King.* Full thirtie time

Neptunes salt Wash, an

And thirtie dozen Moo

About the World haue

Since loue our hearts, an

Vnite comutually, in mo

*Cap.* So many iourni

Make vs againe count o

But woe is me, you are

So farre from cheere, an

That I distrust you: yet

Discomfort you (my Lo

For womens Feare and